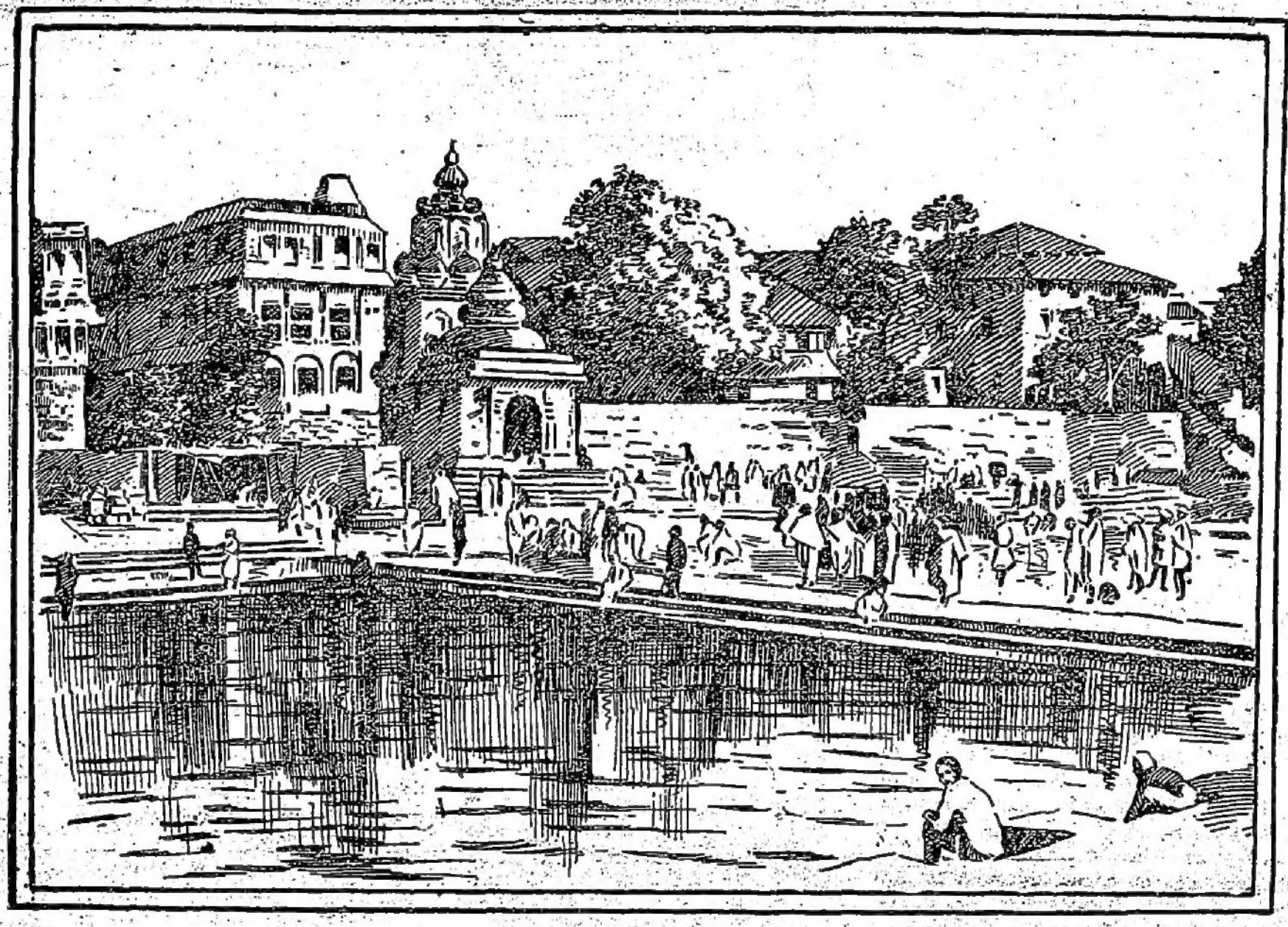
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXV., No. 23. MONTREAL, JUNE 8, 1900. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.



THE GODAVERY, NASIK.

Nasik, in Western India.

(By the Rev. A. Manwaring, in 'The Church Missionary Gleaner.')

The picture of the river Godavery, which rises near Nasik, and is especially 'sacred' there, represents the most popular form of modern Hinduism, viz., that of going on pilgrimage to a sacred river and bathing in it.

If a Christian were foolish enough in these days to believe in pilgrimages, he might imagine that a bath in the river Jordan would have the same effect on him as it had on Naaman; in order to go there he would have to give up a good deal of time, and if he attempted to walk there he would have to bear hardships and inconveniences on the way.

Hindus go in this manner to Nasik and Benares, and numberless other places, in all of which I think there is a sacred river or tank where they bathe and believe that they wash away their guilt. In Nasik the town people go to the river to perform their ordinary ablutions and to get from it their drinking water, for which purposes the banks are carefully built with stone steps. A little higher up than the point represented in the picture there are several khands, or tanks, some of them understood to be very sacred, where, we may say with all charity, that pilgrims are taken by the priest, not only to be bathed, but to be fleeced.

As an instance of the long distance which people come to wash away their sins in this sacred river, I remember an old man named Das-arathaboa, who was a religious teacher living in the north of Khandesh, nearly two hundred miles away, who had been to Nasik on pilgrimage. He had there received a Bible which he took back to his home, and from it worked out for himself and his followers a peculiar form of Christianity, which included the offering of sacrifices! His history was described in the Annual Report for 1880-81, so I will not say more about him. But if one Bible accomplished this, may we not believe that the preaching there and the distribution of Scriptures and tracts may have influenced many an unknown pilgrim?

On the left-hand side of the picture there may be seen a lamp-post with stone steps below it, where for many years missionaries and catechists have preached to large audiences; and as the small bridge crosses the river near it, and as it is a busy spot, especially on market days, we know that the seed of God's Word must have fallen into many a heart, and in due season will bear fruit.

When going over the bridge shown in the picture the people carry their sandals in their hands; they take their shoes from off their feet on what they believe to be holy ground. Perhaps also our readers will be interested to know that the gentleman seen standing on the bridge, wearing a sun-helmet, died in Nasik of cholera, and is buried in the Christian cemetery there.

During the rainy season the bridge and steps and temple are often under water.

The missionary's chief interest in Nasik centres in the Christian village, with its church and orphanages and industries. Here many released African slaves were sent in the past; here Livingstone found the boys who went with him to Africa; here converts have often found shelter and instruction.

The missionary who lives in the village has the care of two orphanages, containing altogether about a hundred and thirty children, some of them being boarders. This is a serious responsibility, even in times of plenty; but when there is famine, or when plague is raging in the neighborhood, this responsibility becomes a very heavy one. We long for the time when a lady doctor will form part of the Zenana Mission staff in Nasik, because we hope she will be able to relieve the resident missionary of the work of physicing the sick. During the last famine, government officials handed over to us thirty orphan children who were reduced to such bad health that they had to be kept in a separate building and nursed for months before they were fit to live with the others.

Besides the charge of all these little ones, the missionary in the village helps to train a class of young men for the work of teaching; this is both an interesting and an important part of his work, because these young men are to be sent out to teach in various mission schools, and they can only help to extend the kingdom of our Lord if they are good and faithful. Many of these teachers, having served the office of a teacher, will pass on to be catechists and even pastors.

These occupations and many others of a

secular nature fill up the missionary's week-days, and leave him none too much time for preparation for the Sunday, when services are held in Marathi and in English.

There is a second C. M. S. missionary stationed in Nasik, who looks after the district congregations and spends much of his time in travelling from village to village with a band of catechists. Their chief work is the evangelization of the non-Christian population. They preach in the streets, in rest-houses, and in preaching halls; they sell books and they teach inquirers; they are witnesses for Christ. It is almost invariably through these Indian preachers that converts are won.

From the village, also, a band of voluntary preachers goes out every Sunday afternoon to make known the Gospel of our Lord in neighboring villages. Those who know India well hope above all things to see more effort made by the converts themselves for the extension of Christ's Kingdom; they long for the time when the many Christian sects and bodies in India will be united together in zeal for the evangelization of the whole continent.

In addition to the work of the C.M.S., there are two ladies of the Z. B. M. Mission at Nasik, who are doing a splendid work among the women by means of these schools and house-to-house visiting. One of these ladies is Miss Harvey, who has lived there twelve or fourteen years. She is the well-known friend and guide of her Hindoo sisters who are in trouble. How many a plague patient has she nursed and soothed! How many families have to thank her for relief during the famine. How many suffering four-footed beasts has she sent to the Animal Hospital! And now, added to these good deeds, she has been able to open a home for lepers.

Critics at home sometimes complain if the dark side of missionary work is not shown to them. I think they would be satisfied if they knew how much good work is done which is never described in print. Many of us missionaries are more unwilling to tell of the success which God has graciously vouchsafed to our work than we are to speak of failure, for so much of which we are ourselves to blame.

Nasik is only a tiny corner of the great mission field, yet, with God's blessing, the quiet, faithful work carried on there may be a help in the work of winning India to Christ.

An Idol that Could Not Get Out of Bed.

A little lassie from a heathen home had been for a short time attending a missionary school. The idols in her home had been regilded.

One day the 'Goddess of Mercy' was missing from her place. After some searching it was found in the school-girl's bed. When asked how it came there, she explained that she had heard at school that idols were pieces of wood; so she thought she would try for herself if this were so, and she took down the idol to sleep with her in order that she might see whether it was wise enough to get up out of bed in the morning when she got up.

It was rather clever of a little mite of eight years of age, at least so her grandfather thought, and he saved her from the beating her mother was going to give her. But her strange act and the reason she gave for it were the subject of talk in the home, and the next Sabbath the whole family came to church.—'Mission Paper.'

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of May 22:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.
Undesignated.

Previously acknowledged		$205.70
A Friend, Port Arthur		2.00
People of Lot 8, West Point, P.E.I., per Donald Currie		26.40
R. D. Phillips		1.25
Margaret McQuigg		1.00
Donald Peck		.35
Mabel Peck		.85
Mrs. W. I. Fletcher		.50
Mrs. Willis Fletcher		2.00
Mrs. Rice		1.00
A.F.S.		1.00
Mrs. George Copeland		1.00
Mr. and Mrs. George Burke and family		6.40
In His Name, Riverfield		1.00
J.B.C.		.75
A Friend		1.00
Collected by George T. Boyill, Day Mills, Ont.		6.00
Tom Wyman		3.00
Collection Peachland, B.C., per C. G. Elliott		7.50
M. McKay		2.00
Mrs. W. T. Snyder		3.00
W.		10.00
A. N. Young		1.00
Wm. T. Hewton		5.00
M. Tighe		2.00
W. A., Logoch		.50
In His Name, Adolphustown		4.00
L.B.R.		5.00
Associate Members Young Women's Christian Association, Montreal		5.00
M.A.		2.00
A.J.M.		1.00
L.T.L., Comp. G.		.50
Proceeds of Social, Covey Hill, Que., per J. W. Curran		20.70
Braemar Sunday school		4.25
Y.P.S.C.E., Braemar		2.35
M.C.D.		2.50
Ottawa Young Men's Christian Association Afternoon Bible Class		8.00
A. L. Blanchet		5.00
J.G.F.		1.00
A Friend, Montreal		2.00
Mrs. A. M. D.		1.00
Meta Barton		2.00
Middleville Division, No. 396, Sons of Temperance		3.00
Mrs. J. C. Booth		1.00
A Friend of the Needy		5.00
W. M. Society, Athelstan	$10.00	
S.S. collection, Athelstan	0.25	
C.E. collection, Athelstan	1.00	
Mr. W. Wattie, Athelstan	1.00	
Mrs. W. Wattie, Athelstan	1.50	
Miss Lowrie, Athelstan	.25	
Mrs. J. Haws, Athelstan	.50	
Mrs. E. Boyce, Athelstan	1.00	
Mrs. R. Baird, Athelstan	5.00	
A Friend, Athelstan	5.00	
Dr. Rowat, Athelstan	1.00	
George Elder, Athelstan	1.00	
Henry Wilson, Athelstan	1.00	
		30.50

Sent by Mrs. Marian I. Holland:

Nellie Oswald, Belle Riviere	.25
Donald Oswald, Belle Riviere	.25
M. I. Holland, Belle Riviere	$1.00
Mrs. Thompson, Belle Riviere	.25
Mrs. W. Thompson, Belle Riviere	.75
M. Menard, Ste. Scholastique	1.00
M. Dorion, Ste. Scholastique	.50
Dora Dorion, Ste. Scholastique	.10
Eva Dorion, Ste. Scholastique	.06
Mrs. J. Robertson, Petit Brulé	1.00
David Dobie, St. Benoit	1.00
Mr. Davis, Belle Riviere	.25
Mrs. Hamilton, Belle Riviere	.50
M. Morrin, Petit Brulé	2.00
S. F. Clare, Petit Brule	1.00
A. Morrin, Petit Brule	2.00
S. Smiley, Grand Freniere	1.00
J. Oswald, Petit Brule	.50
M. Hamilton, Petit Brule	2.00
A. Oswald, Petit Brule	1.00
J. MacMartin, Grand Freniere	1.00
A. Bruneau, Ste. Scholastique	1.00
Mme. St. Jacques, Belle Riviere	.25
	18.66

Collected by Edythe M. Moody, Torrebonne, Que:

Rev. A. C. Ascah	$1.00
Mrs. W. Slaughter	.10
Mrs. Menagh	.10
Mrs. McKay	.25
Alice Moody	.25
Ida M. Moody	.10
Edith Moody	.10
Clifford Moody	.10
Mr. Matthias Moody	.50
Ruby Moody	.10
Mrs. Henry Moody	1.00
Hilda Moody	.25
Myrtle Moody	.25
Mrs. Kemply	.25
Maud McLean	.10
Mrs. Montmeser	.25
Harry Moody	.25
Florence Moody	.10
Ernestine Moody	.10
Miss M. Lumeden	.25
Miss A. Hamilton	1.00
Mrs. Matthew Moody	1.00
Annie Moody	.10
Miss E. Vicears	.50
Mr. Matthew Moody	.25
Winnie Moody	.25
Mr. Wallace	1.00
Mrs. Wallace	1.00
Bertha Wallace	.10
Freda Wallace	.10
Merle Wallace	.10
Gordon Wallace	.10
Hilda Wallace	.10
A Friend	2.80
Mrs. Henderson	.25
W. Norval Moody	.25
Mrs. W. Henderson	.25
Andrew H. Gibb	1.00
C. A. Kimpton	.50
Mr. Morin	.25
Lizzie Phelean	.25
Violia L. McKay	.05
	16.30
Total	$432.96

Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:

Canadian Presby. Mission	$89.30
Christian Alliance Mission	69.65
American Board of Missions	19.39
Methodist Episcopal Mission	7.26
Southern India (G. S. Eddy)	20.10
	205.70
Total	$227.26

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gugerat— Previously acknowledged	$1,825.01
Friends, North Woburn, Mass.	2.00
W. J. Skean, Treasurer Owen Sound Indian Famine Fund	50.00
Greenbush Sunday-school	10.00
Islay Lovely Vine Temperance Lodge, per D. Murchison	5.00
School Children, Point La Nim	3.00
A Friend, Point La Nim.	1.00
A.C.R., Indus	2.00
Jessie E. Macaulay	3.00
Esther E. Macaulay	3.00
Douglas L. Macaulay	1.00
Sent by Miss Jessie Crammond, Wayerton—	
Harold L. Allison, Wayerton, North Esk	75c
Melvin E. Allison, Wayerton, North Esk.	70c
Willard C. Allison, Wayerton, North Esk.	70c
Retia S. Allison, Wayerton, North Esk	50c
Susan C. Kingston, Wayerton, North Esk	10c
Mary Kingston, Wayerton, North Esk	10c
Samuel Kingston, Wayerton, North Esk	10c
Cornelius Kingston, Wayerton, North Esk	10c
Jennie Crammond	25c
Alton Allison	30c
James C. Allison	25c
	5.05
Part of undesignated amounts	69.65
	$1,979.71

Just Be Glad.

Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow!

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower,
All alone;—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the Gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad?
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN DEUTERONOMY.

June 10, Sun.—Behold I set before you this day a blessing and a curse.

June 11, Mon.—A blessing if we obey the commandments.

June 12, Tues.—Thou shalt do that which is right in the sight of the Lord.

June 13, Wed.—Thou shalt not add hereto nor diminish from it.

June 14, Thurs.—The Lord your God proveth you.

June 15, Fri.—Put the evil away from the midst of thee.

June 16, Sat.—Lay up these my words in your heart.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER XV.—COMING TO THEIR OWN.

A man with a conscience is often provoking, sometimes impossible. Persuasion is lost upon him. He will not get angry, and he looks at one with such a far-away expression in his face that in striving to persuade him one feels earthly and even fiendish. At least this was my experience with Craig He spent a week with me just before he sailed for the Old Land, for the purpose, as he said, of getting some of the coal dust and other grime out of him.

He made me angry the last night of his stay, and all the more that he remained quite sweetly unmoved. It was a strategic mistake of mine to tell him how Nelson came home to us, and how Graeme stood up before the 'Varsity chaps at my supper and made his confession and confused Rattray's easy-stepping profanity, and started his own five-year league. For all this stirred in Craig the hero, and he was ready for all sorts of heroic nonsense, as I called it. We talked of everything but the one thing, and about that we said not a word till, bending low to poke my fire and to hide my face, I plunged—

'You will see her, of course?'

He made no pretence of not understanding, but answered—

'-Of course.'

'There's really no sense in her staying over there,' I suggested.

'And yet she is a wise woman,' he said, as if carefully considering the question.

'Heaps of landlords never see their tenants, and they are none the worse.'

'The landlords?'

'No, the tenants.'

'Probably, having such landlords.'

'And as for the old lady, there must be some one in the connection to whom it would be a Godsend to care for her.'

'Now, Connor,' he said quietly, 'don't. We have gone over all there is to be said. Nothing new has come. Don't turn it all up again.'

Then I played the heathen and raged, as Graeme would have said, till Craig smiled a little wearily and said—

'You exhaust yourself, old chap. Have a pipe, do;' and after a pause he added in his own way, 'What would you have? The path lies straight from my feet. Should I quit it? I could not so disappoint you—and all of them.'

And I knew he was thinking of Graeme and the lads in the mountains he had taught to be true men. It did not help my rage, but it checked my speech; so I smoked in silence till he was moved to say—

'And after all, you know, old chap, there are great compensations for all losses; but for the loss of a good conscience towards God, what can make up?'

But, all the same, I hoped for some better result from his visit to Britain. It seemed to me that something must turn up to change such an unbearable situation.

The year passed, however, and when I looked into Craig's face again I knew that nothing had been changed, and that he had come back to take up again his life alone, more resolutely hopeful than ever.

But the year had left its mark upon him too. He was a broader and deeper man. He had been living and thinking with men of larger ideas and richer culture, and he was far too quick in sympathy with life to remain untouched by his surroundings. He was more tolerant of opinions other than his own, but more unrelenting in his fidelity to conscience and more impatient of half-heartedness and self-indulgence. He was full of reverence for the great scholars and the great leaders of men he had come to know.

'Great, noble fellows they are, and extraordinarily modest,' he said—'that is, the really great are modest. There are plenty of the other sort, neither great nor modest. And the books to be read! I am quite hopeless about my reading. It gave me a queer sensation to shake hands with a man who had written a great book. To hear him make commonplace remarks, to witness a faltering in knowledge—one expects these men to know everything—and to experience respectful kindness at his hands!'

'What of the younger men?' I asked.

'Bright, keen, generous fellows. In things theoretical, omniscient; but in things practical, quite helpless. They toss about great ideas as the miners lumps of coal. They can call them by their book names easily enough, but I often wondered whether they could put them into English. Some of them I coveted for the mountains. Men with clear heads and big hearts, and built after Sandy M'Naughton's model. It does seem a sinful waste of God's good human stuff to see these fellows potter away their lives among theories living and dead, and end up by producing a book! They are all either making or going to make a book. A good thing we haven't to read them. But here and there among them is some quiet chap who will make a book that men will tumble over each other to read.'

Then we paused and looked at each other.

'Well?' I said. He understood me.

'Yes!' he answered slowly, 'doing great work. Every one worships her just as we do, and she is making them all do something worth while, as she used to make us.'

He spoke cheerfully and readily as if he were repeating a lesson well learned, but he could not humble me. I felt the heart-ache in the cheerful tone.

'Tell me about her,' I said, for I knew that if he would talk it would do him good. And talk he did, often forgetting me, till, as I listened, I found myself looking again into the fathomless eyes, and hearing again the heart-searching voice. I saw her go in and out of the little red-tiled cottages and down the narrow back lanes of the village; I heard her voice in a sweet, low song by the bed of a dying child, or pouring forth floods of music in the great new hall of the factory town near by. But I could not see, though he tried to show me, the stately gracious lady receiving the country folk in her home. He did not linger over that scene, but went back again to the gate-cottage where she had taken him one day to see Billy Breen's mother.

'I found the old woman knew all about me,' he said, simply enough; 'but there were many things about Billy she had never heard, and I was glad to put her right on some points, though Mrs. Mavor would not hear it.'

He sat silent for a little, looking into the coals; then went on in a soft, quiet voice—

'It brought back the mountains and the old days to hear again Billy's tones in his mother's voice, and to see her sitting there in the very dress she wore the night of the League, you remember—some soft stuff with black lace about it—and to hear her sing as she did for Billy—ah! ah!' His voice unexpectedly broke, but in a moment he was master of himself and begged me to forgive his weakness. I am afraid I said words that should not be said—a thing I never do, except when suddenly and utterly upset.

'I am getting selfish and weak,' he said; 'I must get to work. I am glad to get to work. There is much to do, and it is worth while, if only to keep one from getting useless and lazy.'

'Useless and lazy!' I said to myself, thinking of my life beside his, and trying to get command of my voice, so as not to make quite a fool of myself. And for many a day those words goaded me to work and to the exercise of some mild self-denial. But more than all else, after Craig had gone back to the mountains, Graeme's letters from the railway construction camp stirred one to do unpleasant duty long postponed, and rendered uncomfortable my hours of most luxurious ease. Many of the old gang were with him, both of lumbermen and miners, and Craig was their minister. And the letters told of how he labored by day and by night along the line of construction, carrying his tent and kit with him, preaching straight sermons, watching by sick men, writing their letters, and winning their hearts, making strong their lives, and helping them to die well when their hour came. One day these letters proved too much for me, and I packed away my paints and brushes, and made my vow unto the Lord that I would be 'useless and lazy' no longer, but would do something with myself. In consequence, I found myself within three weeks walking the London hospitals, finishing my course, that I might join that band of men who were doing something with life, or, if throwing it away, were not losing it for nothing. I had finished being a fool, I hoped, at least a fool of the useless and luxurious kind. The letter that came from Graeme, in reply to my request for a position on his staff, was characteristic of the man, both new and old, full of gayest humor and of most earnest welcome to the work.

Mrs. Mavor's reply was like herself—

'I knew you would not long be content with the making of pictures, which the world does not really need, and would join your friends in the dear West, making lives that the world needs so sorely.'

But her last words touched me strangely—

'But be sure to be thankful every day for your privilege. . . . It will be good to think of you all, with the glorious mountains about you, and Christ's own work in your hands. . . . Ah! how we would like to choose our work, and the place in which to do it!'

The longing did not appear in the words, but I needed no words to tell how deep and how constant it was. And I take some credit to myself, that in my reply I gave her no bidding to join our band, but rather praised the work she was doing in her place, telling her how I had heard of it from Craig.

(To be Continued.)

Fairy Footsteps.

(By Ethel Hatton.)

See the white violets,
Glistening here and there;
Like a broken string of pearls
They are scattered everywhere.

Don't you think the fairies,
Trapesing through the snow,
Have left their dainty slippers
Amid the ferns to grow?

A Lesson of Life.

(By Emma Huntingdon Nason, in 'Forward.')

Evelyn was never positively unhappy until the 'summer girl' appeared in Norristown. As a child she had been content with her environment and the limited advantages of her humble lot, which were, however, quite equal to those of a majority of her mates. But when the large hotel was built at the beach, and the tide of summer visitors began to overflow into the surrounding country, the picturesque village of Norristown was not long left in its accustomed seclusion.

Merry parties in buckboards drove through the town. Pretty girls, in gay and fashionable costumes, sauntered through the quiet streets. Artists came to sketch the old mill, and to paint, in shades of pink, umber, and burnt sienna, the backs of the old buildings which stood reflected in the stream.

By and by some of these charming summer girls seemed to like Norristown much better than the harbor; and by their smiles and wiles and open purses they ingratiated themselves into the favor of old Madam Lowe, who had never dreamed of taking boarders, but who, when once prevailed upon to do so, continued every year to open her large, roomy old house and her equally spacious purse to the ever-increasing demand.

Madam Lowe's neighbors were not slow to follow her example; and even Evelyn's mother found it profitable to rent her one spare chamber.

At first Evelyn was pleased with the plan; but the feeling of discontent grew rapidly on closer contact with the girls whom she believed so much more highly favored than herself. Then there was all the extra work and drudgery; for Evelyn's mother could not afford servants. Madam Lowe, clad in her black silk gown and white lace handkerchief, and with her smooth, gray hair tucked up under a dainty cap, sat in the midst of her guests on the veranda of her old colonial mansion. Evelyn's mother, in a calico dress, cooked the dinners and served them herself, adding only a clean white apron to her ordinary kitchen costume. Evelyn washed the dishes, did the chamber work and kept the front part of the house in order; and cordially hated the whole business from beginning to end.

Mondays and Thursdays were washing days. How Evelyn dreaded this task in the hot, stuffy 'back kitchen!' As she stood at the wash bench, she could look out through the open door and see Miss Virginia Howard Livingstone swinging indolently in the hammock, apparently without an earthly care or trouble.

Evelyn liked to watch Miss Livingstone. She was a tall, handsome girl, with a clear complexion and luminous violet eyes. She always wore black and white, or simply white, while the other girls were decked in the most brilliant costumes imaginable. Moreover, as Evelyn was obliged to admit, Miss Livingstone was extremely interesting. She was only twenty-two; yet she had travelled abroad, and—wonder of wonders to Evelyn—she had actually written a book, a successful book which was having an immense sale this very summer. Every mail brought letters to Miss Livingstone, which she read to herself and laid aside, sometimes with a pleased smile and sometimes with a satisfied sigh.

As Evelyn watched Miss Livingstone on this particular summer day, the wretchedness of her own lot seemed too great to be borne. 'Here am I,' she thought bitterly, 'destined to be nobody and to do nothing all the days of my life. Why have I no education, no money, no talent, nor anything which is worth having? Why is she in the hammock while I am at the washtub?' Thereupon Evelyn tossed the napkin, which she had just wrung from the rinse water, into the clothes basket, with a spiteful movement, and ran out into the secluded back yard, where she threw herself on the grass and burst into tears.

'Evelyn! Evelyn!'

The young girl heard the call, but her heart had no response, even to the voice of the tired, patient, loving mother. Instead of replying, Evelyn sprang up and ran down the lane behind the house, crawled through the bars, and hurried along the path which led to a grove of fragrant pines.

But the restful silence of the grove, broken only by the murmur of the pine trees, failed to soothe Evelyn's perturbed spirits, and, after an uneasy half-hour, she returned unwillingly to her task.

As with flushed face and reluctant steps

'THERE STOOD THE BEAUTIFUL MISS LIVINGSTONE.'

she approached the door, she glanced within, and then stopped abruptly at the unexpected sight; for there, in her place, at the despised washtub, stood the beautiful Miss Livingstone. The talented young woman had tucked up her skirts, donned one of Evelyn's white aprons, and stood squeezing a towel out of the rinse water, with the most evident satisfaction.

'Oh, Evelyn; you've caught me!' she exclaimed. 'Why didn't you stay away a little longer! I wanted to get this tubful out on the line myself. But I've had such a good time! I have been envying you all the morning.'

'Envying me!' exclaimed Evelyn, in surprise.

'Why, yes, my dear girl. Don't you believe me?'

'I must confess,' replied Evelyn, with a touch of sarcasm in her tone, 'that I fail to see why a girl in your position should envy an ignorant little drudge like me.'

'But I do, Evelyn,' said Miss Livingstone, with a tender smile, 'for you have something very precious, which I have not.'

'You have everything!' impetuously interrupted Evelyn. 'You have studied, and travelled abroad, and written a book—a famous book, and'—

'Evelyn,' said Miss Livingstone, 'let me tell you something. I would put my "famous book" right into your mother's kitchen fire this minute, and gladly change places with you, if I could have my own dear mother with me again, as you have yours.'

Evelyn looked at her in embarrassment.

'My own dear mother died three years ago,' said Miss Livingstone, 'and I have been very unhappy and lonely ever since. The travel and the book are nothing in comparison with'—

'Evelyn!'

Again the call came from the kitchen in the same faint, weary tones which had greeted Evelyn's ears before. Then the two girls heard a sudden sound as of some one falling. Speechless, they both ran into the kitchen, and there, apparently lifeless upon the floor, lay Evelyn's mother.

Evelyn screamed, turned white from nervous fright and began to wring her hands helplessly. Remorse seized her as she looked at her mother's unconscious figure upon the floor, and rememberd how she had not heeded the tired voice that called her. The only idea of which she was capable kept repeating itself over and over in her brain.

'Oh, why didn't I come when she called me. Now, perhaps, I have killed her.'

Evelyn's mother had always been able to bear whatever burden came, and Evelyn had never known illness. But Miss Livingstone took charge of the fainting woman and gave commands to the distracted Evelyn as one accustomed to meet such emergencies.

'Don't scream, Evelyn; help me lift her to the couch!' she cried. 'Oh, Evelyn! don't faint yourself. Bring me some water—you must! Get it, quick!'

Wild with terror, and hardly knowing what she did, Evelyn obeyed Miss Livingstone's commands.

'Now run for the doctor, Evelyn. I will do everything that is possible until he comes.'

Overwhelmed with fear and anxiety, Evelyn ran down the street and speedily returned with the village doctor.

'It is, I trust, only a sudden attack of faintness, brought on by the heat or overwork,' said the physician.

'Oh, Mother! Mother!' moaned Evelyn, burying her face in her hands.

'Don't, Evelyn!' pleaded Miss Livingstone; 'she will revive soon.'

'Oh, let me die, too.!' sobbed Evelyn, quite beside herself with grief. 'She called me twice. I heard her, but I wouldn't come! I ran away when I might have saved her. Oh, mother, mother!'

An hour later the doctor left his patient restored to consciousness; and, encouraged by his ministrations and hopeful words, Evelyn was enabled to assume the care of her mother.

'I will stay with you and help you. I have been through all this many times,' said Miss Livingstone.

'Oh, you don't know what a wicked, ungrateful girl I have been,' confessed Evelyn.

'I know what a happy girl you ought to be, and will be, dear, for you have still the most precious of all earthly gifts.'

It was Miss Virginia Livingstone who went out under the old pine tree, that night, and wept in the loneliness of her heart, while Evelyn sat at her mother's bedside, with a prayer of gratitude upon her lips.

About Being Strong.

(By the Rev. J. L. Jenkins.)

There is a book with the title, 'How to be Strong.' It is a good book for any one to read; just the book boys ought to read; just the book, I should think, boys would like to read. What is there boys think more of than strength? They make their heroes not out of good, gentle, nice boys, but out of boys having, as they say, muscle, and who like to fight and who generally whip. It seems natural for boys to do so, and, being natural, I will not find fault with them for doing so. In fact, there are few better ambitions for a boy to have than the ambition to be strong. It will keep him from doing many bad and hurtful things.

I have a story to tell boys—not my own; the story of quite a famous English story-teller. His is a long story, making a book. Mine shall be shorter.

Well, once—. All stories begin with once. If any of my readers would like to write a story, he need not be troubled about beginning it. He has only to write 'once,' and the story is fairly and well begun. The Englishman's story, like all true stories, had a once at the beginning. Once a boy was born in an English home. Being born, he grew, and at last he was big enough to go to school. Over this matter there was a family council. Friends who were thought wise were asked to give advice. A school was chosen. The boy went to it. The Christmas recess came, and he came home. The very next morning, right after breakfast, he got on his pony and rode to the parson's rectory. It is plain the boy had some important matter on his mind, else he wouldn't have gone so soon after getting home. It is quite as plain to me that there was something thoroughly good and kind in the minister, else the boy hadn't gone to him. What his errand was you will know if you read the story. 'I'm disgraced,' said the boy to the minister, when they were together. 'I'm disgraced, and shall die of it, if you cannot set me right in my own eyes.'

'I am sure,' says the parson, 'you have done nothing unworthy of a gentleman.'

'I don't know that,' he replied. 'I fought a boy a little bigger than myself, and I have been kicked. I didn't give in, though. The other boys picked me up, for I couldn't stand any longer. He got my head into 'chancery.' I have challenged him to fight again next term; and unless you can help me lick him I shall never be good for anything in the world. It will break my heart.'

Right off the parson—who could do what some parsons cannot—gave his young parishioner a lesson in boxing; telling him how to stand, how to strike out, with much minute instruction, which I, being a parson, do not thoroughly understand.

One day the boy was seized with doubt as to its being right for him to have training, and so have an advantage over the boy he wanted to whip.

'I've been thinking,' he said, one day, to the parson, 'that perhaps it is not fair to Butt that I should be taking these lessons. And, if it is not fair, I'd rather not.'

Isn't the parson's reply just capital?

'The natural desire of man in his attribute of fighting animal is to beat his adversary. But the natural desire of that culmination of man which we call gentleman would rather be beaten fairly than beat unfairly.'

Boys, here is a choice bit of truth and sentiment, worth being remembered and acted upon.

The vacation ended. All vacations have an end, just as all stories have a beginning; and the end of a vacation seems very near its beginning. This particular vacation, which had been occupied in taking lessons in boxing of a minister, came to an end, and the boy went back to school. Soon the parson had this letter:—

'Dear Sir.—I have licked Butt. Knowledge is power.

'P.S.—Now that I have licked Butt, I have made it up with him.'

Leaving school, the boy went to Cambridge University, graduated there, then travelled about in England on foot, mixing with all sorts of people. In one village he had a fight with and whipped the village bully, who was cruel to a cripple basket-maker. The account of the fight stirs the blood even in old veins. The bully was well beaten. That the victor may not be thought a great brute, it should be said he conquered his adversary, made a friend of him,, got him to give up drinking, and thoroughly reformed him. No boy could read the story as the English story-teller has told it and not feel what a splendid, glorious thing it is to be strong. In an old book there is a collection of proverbs well worth a boy's reading; and among the proverbs is this one: 'The glory of young men is their strength.' Long ago men and boys found out that for them there is nothing better than to be strong.

There is a period of time in European history called sometimes the Dark Ages, sometimes the Middle Ages. Times were not dull then. There was ever so much adventure then; ever so many brave deeds done. There were knights in those days, who rode horses covered with steel coverings, and were themselves covered with the same. They fought with spears. It was before there was guns. These knights were very brave and strong men. How came they to be so? I find in a book by another Englishman, Mr. Ruskin, something I want you should read—his answer to the question how they made knights in the Middle Ages. 'What do you suppose,' asks Mr. Ruskin, 'was the substance of good education—the education of a knight in the Middle Ages? What was taught to a boy as soon as he was able to learn anything? First, to keep under his body and to bring it into subjection and perfect strength; then to take Christ for his captain, to live as always in his presence; and, finally, to do his devoir (duty. Mark the word) to all men.' Men living in the Middle Ages made knights of their boys by teaching them as Mr. Ruskin has said. Such teaching is good for our boys. When you shall read the exploits of the knights, and are made to wonder at their endurance and are charmed by their prowess and valor, you will or should feel all through you how splendid it is to be strong.

I wish all boys were ambitious to be strong, were determined to be. If they were, there are some hurtful things they would not do. Boys bent on being strong, would let tobacco alone. It may be tobacco does not hurt men after they are grown up, their appetites regulated, their bones firm. If it may not hurt grown-up men, it does hurt growing boys. A doctor in England examined thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who used tobacco. Twenty-seven of them he found seriously injured, made unsound, by tobacco. Another doctor says: 'We do most unequivocally condemn the use of tobacco by growing boys, in any form. It will certainly do them injury.' The boy who smokes, if he keep on smoking, will be a diseased boy and cannot be a strong boy.

There are people who say it does no good to say such things to boys. I think better of boys. You are not so bad as not to care for what is true. I have told you two truths. One is that it is a most splendid thing to be strong; the other is that tobacco in growing boys destroys strength. You will (because you are boys, and want to be manly, strong boys) pay attention to the truths I have been telling you. I could have told you more.

A man writing to boys (Mr. J. T. Field) says:—'If I were a boy again, I would go to bed earlier than most boys do.' So would I.

Go to bed early, let tobacco alone, and you will have a good chance to be strong; being strong, the chances are you will be good; and, being good and strong, you will do a great deal of good in a world in which there is need that much good should be done.

The Ungrammatical Dog.

(By W. A. Curtis.)

'What a symphony in yellow!' exclaimed Mr. Morris, as he and his young son swept around a curve of the road, clinging to the mountain side. 'I must have a snap shot at them. I wish I were a painter instead of a photographer, to get the colors!' and he alighted from his bicycle and began to parley with Torge Halvorsen, to get him and his dog to pose before the camera.

Torge Halvorsen's hair was pale gold; golden-brown freckles studded his fair face. The original color of the coat he wore, one made over from a paternal garment worn an unknown number of seasons, could not be conjectured, but now it was of a dull yellow, closely matching his hair. His once brown overalls struck a louder note in the yellow hue to which they had faded, and the hide of the little dog at his side was a still brighter yellow, scarcely to be told from the garlands of yellow daisies entwined about its body. In the immediate foreground was the buff herbage of early fall, full of the last flowers of the year—yellow, yellow all. Back of the pair rose the maple-covered mountain side, bright in the gold that follows the first frosts of the Central West, where maples shimmer softly in gentle golds, and never flame in scarlets and crimsons.

'That's a homely dog you have there,' said Ralph Morris, full of the popular prejudice against the 'yaller dog,' a prejudice fed by unnumbered jokes and which refuses to believe that any canine graces of appearance and disposition can be circumscribed by a yellow hide.

'He's a good dog, anyway,' replied Torge Halvorsen; 'and I think he is pretty. He's smart, too. I bet you there ain't a smarter little dog in this county.'

'Let's see him perform,' said Ralph, loftily.

'All right,' said Torge. 'Ready, Tiggum!' and instantly Tiggum assumed an air of alert attention and then proceeded to go through a series of performances which Ralph was compelled to acknowledge he had never seen equalled. Tiggum stood on his hind legs; he danced, he leaped over his master's arm and then back again. He lay still and snored in counterfeited sleep; he lay still in counterfeited death, and at the word came joyfully to life and chased his tail. He carried a piece of paper to the fence and returned with another piece previously placed there, showing how he could

be depended upon to carry letters to the post-office, post them, and return with the mail. He ran after sticks that were thrown. Sticks were thrown and he sat quivering, awaiting permission to go after them. He caught sticks as they were tossed to him, and again being told not to catch them, sat in pretended indifference while they were thrown within easy reach of his jaws.

'He's a wonderful dog indeed,' said Mr. Morris, as the exhibition was concluded by Tiggum being told that there was nothing more to be done, whereupon he raced and tore in circles and ellipses and other geometrical figures for the space of some three minutes.

'I wish you would buy him for me,' whisperd Ralph to his father.

'I'll give you ten dollars for that dog. Will you sell him for that?' asked Mr. Morris.

'Can I buy a nice suit of clothes for that?' said Torge.

'Well, yes; you could get a pretty good ready-made suit for that in Taychobera. I'll make it twelve dollars, and then you'll be sure to get a good suit.'

'Well, I'll sell him, then. Ole Farness has a puppy just like Tiggum that he wants to give me, and I kin train him all right. I sort of hate to send Tiggum off, though. I ain't got no brothers, and me and Tiggum plays together, and he likes me an awful lot, and perhaps he'll be homesick in town. But I do want a new suit so bad. I never had no new clothes even once; so I'll sell him.'

On the very first day of the arrival of Tiggum at his new home occurred the opening of the first dog show ever given in the city of Taychobera. Ralph had had this in mind when he asked his father to buy Tiggum; for though he did not expect the yellow dog to win a prize for beauty or pedigree, he did believe that the little fellow would carry off the ten dollars to be awarded to the most highly educated dog. The ten dollars would almost repay the cost of the dog, and he would be possessed of the unlimited glory of being the owner of so remarkable a beast, and this he esteemed far beyond the mere worldly consideration of the ten dollars.

Whether Tiggum was homesick or not during the two days of the dog show Ralph could not tell, for he was kept in his box in the exhibition building and was no worse off than the other dogs haled from their homes to be seen by curious eyes. The contest of educated dogs was to be the wind-up of the show, and a goodly crowd assembled to witness it. From his place on the bench with the owners of contesting dogs, with ever-increasing joy, Ralph watched dog after dog go through his paces, for no one of them began to equal what he knew Tiggum could do. Tiggum, the last on the programme, would surely outstrip them all.

A laugh of derision arose as Ralph and the sad-looking little yellow dog stepped into the arena, but immediately ceased when the command, 'Tiggum, attention!' was given. Ralph held out his arm and Tiggum was over it and back again like a yellow flash. Ralph whistled a waltz, and Tiggum slowly revolved to its measures and a storm of applause burst forth.

'We will win the prize, eh, Tiggum?' said Ralph, and he bade him lie down and pretend to sleep; but Tiggum did nothing except to look up most anxiously. Ralph repeated the command, and still Tiggum did not move. He bade him pretend to be dead; he ordered him to get the mail; and though the little fellow was all earnest attention and quivered with eagerness and anxiety, still he did not obey. Some one shouted that Ralph's time was up, and a titter commenced and grew into a general laugh. Ralph was only a little boy, and tears began to gather in his eyes. Tiggum would not take the prize and now the crowd was laughing at him, the master; but what was the matter with Tiggum, for there he was, wildly running in circles and ellipses, and it was at Tiggum that the crowd was laughing—Tiggum and a yellow-haired, awkward boy in a new suit of clothes and with a big bundle under his arm, who had pushed his way into the arena. He was addressing the assemblage, and Ralph held his breath.

'Ladies and gentlemen. Tiggum was my dog once. He was a Norsk like me. He don't speak English with good grammar. He don't understand what that boy says. Now, give me a chance. Tiggum, lay down once. Don't do nothing at all nohow, but be asleep;' and there was Tiggum, curled up and snoring.

'Tiggum, you wasn't alive any more yet, lay down dead;' and there was Tiggum in simulated death.

'Tiggum, you had better take this letter to the post-office to Mr. Gunderson, and fetch a letter back;' and away went Tiggum in the capacity of a mail-carrier, and finished the performance by again darting wildly around with ears back, head up and tail down, describing geometrical figures while the crowd cheered.

'I hardly believe,' said Mr. Morris, 'that Tiggum failed to obey because he was particularly ungrammatical. Torge used a certain form of words, the meaning of which Tiggum had learned to understand. Ralph expressed the same meaning; but he didn't use the words familiar to Tiggum, so the dog didn't respond any more than the door of the cave in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," when addressed in the words "open wheat," instead of "open sesame."'

'Mr. Morris,' said Torge, anxiously, 'I wish I had Tiggum back. I want him and he wants me. I spent ten dollars buying the suit of clothes before I knew how I felt. I wish you would take the clothes and the other two dollars, and let me have the doggie again.'

'The prize for the most highly educated dog is awarded to Ralph Morris, owner of Tiggum,' shouted the manager of the show from the arena.

'There,' said Ralph; 'you take the dog and keep the clothes, and give us the two dollars. I have got the ten-dollar prize, and that and the two dollars you have will give us our money back.'

Good-Bye---God Bless You.

I love the words—perhaps because
  When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
  We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
  The love she could not tell me
A love eternal as the skies
  Whatever fate befell me.

She put her arms about my neck
  And soothed the pain of leaving,
And though her heart was like to break,
  She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no fear bedim her eye
  For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said good-bye,
  And asked God to bless me
—'Sunday Companion.'

Madame Essipoff's Feathers.

(By George Klingle.)

'Do look, Clarice!' whispered Tinsie Perrin, as Madam Essipoff, in her flounces and feathers, swept past her up the aisle.'

Clarice looked, but was still.

'Did you ever, ever see the like?' whispered Tinsie. 'And how she walks!' Tinsie took a step or two along the pew, with her head tossed back and her short frock held out as an imaginary train.

'Pray, don't,' remonstrated Clarice. 'It is the church we are in.' And Tinsie dropped suddenly to her seat in the pew and glanced quietly around.

'Nobody saw,' she said. 'I could not help it, she looked so grand.'

'God saw. This is his house, you know. We only came to pray and to give thanks.'

'Dear! I never thought of that. To give thanks?'

'To give thanks to God. He has kept us all the year and given us so many things.'

'He has never given me much. I never thought about thanking. I only came because you did.' And Tinsey tossed her blousey hair out of her eyes.

'Oh, you make a great mistake,' whispered Clarice, distressed. 'You have a great deal. We all have. We have a place to live in, things to eat, and clothes.'

'Dear! I never thought.'

'There are many things; too many to count up.'

'I could count mine.'

'Mamma says none of us can. He is blessing us always; every minute sending us mercies.'

'See, Clarice! See the ribbons! See how the feathers bob up and down!' Tinsie was standing on her tip-toe and whispering rather loud.

'Don't, please don't,' pleaded Clarice. 'The prayers will soon begin.'

'Three, four feathers, Clarice! I expect that was what she came for.'

'For what?' Clarice repented the question and was moving away.

'Why, to thank. I think it might take near about all day.'

'It would take you and me all day if we thanked for everything.'

'Dear! How you talk!' and Tinsie sat down, with a bit of a sneer on her face. 'I should like to know a speck of a thing I have; or you, either, Clarice.'

'I will tell you some other time,' and Clarice edged away.

'But I want to know. Come, now,' insisted Tinsie. 'You don't know yourself.'

'God hears,' suggested Clarice, reprovingly.

'I forgot; but, say, Clarice, she must be very thankful,' pointing to Madam Essipoff.

'I hope we all are.'

'I am not. Nobody is who has not got anything.'

'You have a mother.'

'Dear me, yes. Most everybody has.'

'Little Daisy Dinsmore has not, and they say the woman who has her is not kind.'

'I know. Well, what else have I?'

'You have three rooms at the lodge, nice and tight. Some don't know where to sleep.'

'Great things those rooms! Well?'

'And you have things to eat.'

'Dear me! Yes, of course; but mother says there is not much jam this year. I like jam. I'd say thanks if there was more jam.'

'Tinsie, you will not see your mercies.'

'I can't; there are none. What are you crying for, Clarice?'

'God is good, and he hears you, every word.'

'Well, if I ever! I cannot help liking jam.'

'But you will not thank for what you have.'

'I never thought about it before. It is not much to have three rooms and a mother, when most everybody has. I have not got anything else.'

'Clothes,' suggested Clarice; 'and you are able to run around, while some are sick or blind.'

'Well, I never! Who would have thought of that; but, say, Clarice, are you going to thank for that frock?'

Clarice flushed up a little as she glanced down at the patched apology for a frock; but the next minute she was whispering to Tinsie: 'Mother says, if we always remember who gives us the things we wear, and that he gives what he knows is best, that we will be content with what we have and always be thankful even for the shabby ones.'

'And your hood,' said Tinsie, 'and that dreadful old shawl?'

Clarice struggled with the tears, which very nearly came.

'I'm about sure I would never say thanks for them. I am not going to say for mine, mean old things; and the frock is only gingham.'

'I'll never bring you again!' remonstrated Clarice.

'Dear! I do not see why. I am only speaking about having mean clothes.'

'He is so good to give you any, and you talk of what he gives you in this way!'

'Do see her feathers bob about! Say, Clarice, wouldn't you like a hat just like that?'

But Clarice was struggling to be patient and to be content. Tinsie had raised uncomfortable thoughts in her usually contented mind, and she was trying to put them away. How she longed for the service to begin, for the thanks to be said, for Tinsie Perrin to be still! How she almost coveted in her inner heart, the fine things of Madam Essipoff! But, while she was thinking, a little sad-faced child stepped softly into Madam Essipoff's pew and was sitting down cautiously on the seat, when the lady turned about. Such a face! Such an expression of scorn! Such an angry whisper! Clarice and Tinsie heard and saw it all, and saw the frightened little creature steal away toward the church door.

'See her face!' whispered Clarice. 'See her eyes! Her fine things have spoiled her face and her heart.'

Tinsie did not understand, but wore a look of thoughtful astonishment.

'Her fine things have made her heart proud, and that has taken the kindness out of her face. Mother has many times said that fine things were apt to spoil the face and the heart.'

'Dear!' was all that Tinsie could say, as she dropped again to her seat in the pew.

'I was just feeling badly about my clothes,' said Clarice; 'and it hurt my heart when I was thinking such thoughts, instead of being nothing but thankful.'

Tinsie smoothed out the wrinkles of her gingham, as though it were silk, and glanced from Madam Essipoff to it, and back again.

'Say, Clarice!' she whisperd, suddenly, catching the other by the 'horrible old shawl.' 'Say, Clarice! I mean to give my thanks. I would a deal rather have my gingham than to have such fine bobs of feathers with such a spoiled face and heart.'

How We Improved Our Meetings.

(By Rev. Frederick Lynch.)

We had a large society of Christian Endeavor—one of the largest in the city. Our meetings were well attended, and there was a quite general participation in the services. There were few of those pauses that make the leader turn red and look at the floor.

But a great many of our members had fallen into the habit of bringing extracts from some paper or book, or some poem bearing upon the subject, and reading these instead of expressing their own thought or speaking out of their own experience. It partook of the nature of what my friend facetiously called a 'culture symposium.' Well, these are good, but there is something better.

Now most of these young men and women were bright and capable, and I knew they could think if they would only try. So I determined to bring about a change and have the remarks at our meetings the expression of the participants, and not of others.

So I settled on Harry Trumbull, George Gamble, Mary Sargent, Dorothy Booth, and Minnie Wolcott as the subjects of my first experiment. They were faithful readers, and generally lengthy. It is easy to be lengthy with other people's thought, just as it is easy to be charitable with other people's money.

I asked these five to meet me Friday evening after prayer meeting.' We went into my study, and there I told them my contention.

I said: 'Nothing pleases me more than the fact that you all take so active a part in our Christian Endeavor meetings. You always bring wise and helpful quotations. But I have often wondered why none of you express any thoughts of your own upon the subjects. Now, one good thought of your own is worth a whole page of Browning in a prayer meeting. These meetings are intended for each one to bring some truth out of his own experience to enrich and encourage the others present. But when you read some one else's comment upon the topic, it may not be true to you in the least, so it means little to the others. Now, I wanted to ask you to start off on a new tack, and set the example for the others. Can't you all come next Sunday night with a thought of your own upon the subject? I know you can. You can think, I know.'

Then came a chorus of protestations. Dorothy Booth couldn't think of anything worth saying; Harry Trumbull couldn't say a word in public; George Gamble said he had good thoughts, but couldn't get them out in good English; and so it went on.

Then I broke in upon them. 'Look here, now, this is all nonsense. You can't make me believe that any one of you has not the capacity to produce four or five good thoughts on any topic we can consider. Suppose, now, that next Sunday afternoon you all take an hour by yourselves. Take a pen and paper and write down four thoughts of your own. Don't look at any comments; put down just your own—and then read them Sunday night in place of the usual selection.'

'I don't know but what we might do that,' said Harry Trumbull, 'but I should have to read mine.'

'Well, read them,' I said, 'but let them be your own. By and by you can express them without paper. You see if I am not right.'

So they went away, agreeing to follow my suggestion. Sunday night they came with their papers. The first to rise was Dorothy Booth. She was given to reading rather melancholy poems in meeting, but when she started out, 'I think—' every body straightened up, turned toward her, and began to listen. They heard something good.

Then George Gamble got up, and they all turned toward him as he began, saying 'My idea upon this subject is this.' And when he had finished, a young fellow who rarely spoke in the meetings jumped right up and said, 'I know what Mr. Gamble has said is true, because I've been through it,' and he made an earnest talk.

Harry Trumbull got up, and as he began, 'It seems to me,' people looked at each other, wondering what had come over the spirit of their dreams. Mary Sargent and Minnie Wolcott followed later on with fresh, interesting thoughts. And how everybody listened! And how they responded to the thoughts that came straight from the heart. Why, we hadn't had such a meeting in the history of the society.

When the others were done, I stood up and said 'You are all thinking what a helpful, interesting meeting we have had tonight. Do you want to know the reason? It is because we have been telling one another what we ourselves think, not what some one else thinks. It is because we have been speaking out of our own experiences, not bringing some one else's. We have been speaking heart to heart, and soul has flashed fire against soul. Now there isn't one member of this society who isn't capable of sitting down and writing at least two good thoughts on the topic for any evening. And it will be worth more than all the papers you can read in the hour, for it will be yours; better still, it will be you. And then, we all need to think more ourselves. We're not thoughtful enough. We read too much. We let others do our thinking for us until we feel that we can't think. Let us train ourselves to think our own thoughts. Let us look more into our own lives for our experiences, and not so much into papers and helps. Now, next Sunday evening, let more try this plan of bringing their own thoughts and their own experiences, and we shall have the best meeting this old city ever knew.'

And we did have it, and many more like it.—'C. E. World.'

Be Much in Prayer.

The following stanzas, by whom written we do not know, portray a common experience, and teach an important duty for the revival worker:

One night, 'twas a Saturday evening,
I sat alone in my room,
Watching the fading daylight
And the steadily gathering gloom;

And I longed and watched for an op'ning,
A word for my Master to say,
Ere the twilight gave place to darkness,
And the week had died away.

I knew that there had been moments
Afforded me through the week,
When I might have witnessed for Jesus,
But I hadn't the heart to speak.

And now, when I would have spoken,
The privilege was denied;
So I went in my sorrow to Jesus,
'And why is this?' I cried.

Ah! the Master knew all about it,
So he said, and I knew it was right,
'The tool is too blunt for service;
I cannot use it to-night.'

O Christian, learn well this lesson;
We can only be used by God,
When communion with him has fashioned
Our mouths like a sharpened sword!

—'Epworth Herald.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Marjorie's Prize.

('Light in the Home.')

'I've got it, mother! Just look!' cried Marjorie Little in short jerky sentences, bursting into the sitting-room one spring afternoon. She had run most of the way from school, and was flushed and breathless. In her hand was a beautiful book with gilt edges, and bound in soft red morocco, which she stroked lovingly before giving to her mother.

Mrs. Little took the book held out to her, and opening it, read on the first leaf, 'Prize for general knowledge and good conduct—awarded to Marjorie Little.' Then turning the leaf she saw the title of the work—'The Life and Times of Alfred the Great.'

'It makes me very happy, my child, to see this proof of your diligence,' said Mrs. Little, kissing her daughter affectionately. 'This is a very useful book, Marjorie; it is good for us to contemplate the great spirits that have borne their part in the world both manfully and well; their lives are object-lessons to us, showing how we also may live well and nobly in our little spheres. I hope you will read this book not once but many times.'

And we think Marjorie would do so, for she was a clever child for her age, and admired the contents of her books even more than their beautiful covers.

Snatching up her prize, the girl danced round the room with it until the parrot, whose cage hung at the side of the window, got quite cross.

'Do be quiet—sit down, will you? Polly's head is aching,' cried the bird in a loud quick voice.

Marjorie laughed heartily, and ran to put her prize safely away.

Presently she returned, and the laughter had left her face.

'Oh, mother!' said she.

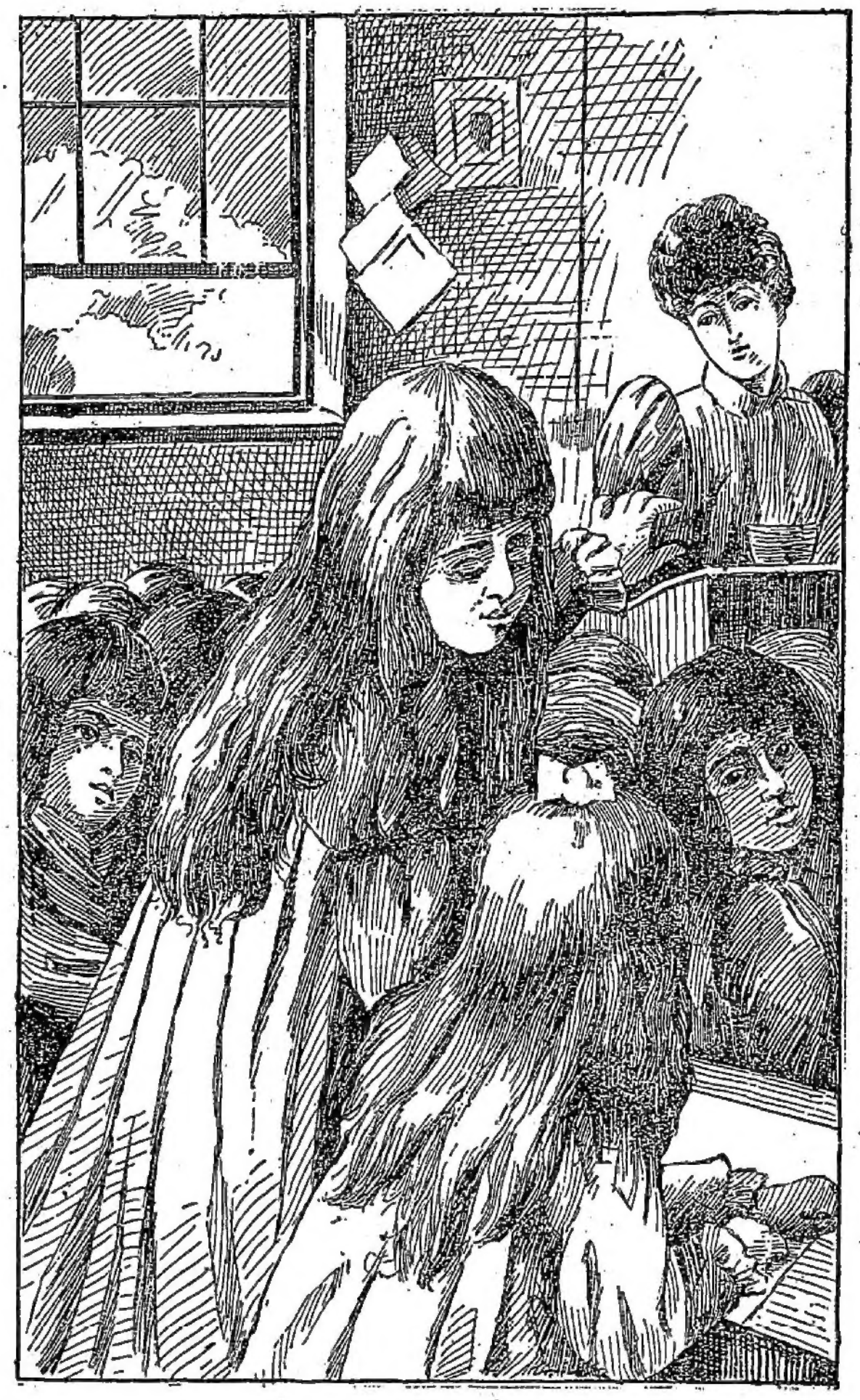
'What is the matter now?' asked her mother.

'It's Chrissie Gardener I was thinking of. She is angry because I got the prize. You know she is a year older than I, and expected it; and she was so cross, and never asked to see my prize. I am grieved, for we used to be friends.'

And poor Marjorie sat down to the table on the verge of tears.

'It was wrong for Chrissie to treat you in that way,' said her mother; 'but we must remember she was disappointed, and will, no doubt, feel sorry afterwards for her conduct towards you. We must not judge harshly. Remember, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Go on doing your duty, my child, and all will come right in the end.'

Marjorie then emptied the contents of her school-bag on the table,



and proceeded to prepare her lessons for next day.

Meanwhile, in the house next door to Marjorie, another girl had come home from school, not dancing and delighted, but a little bit out of temper. Without saying a word, she threw her bag into a corner and sat down. Her name was Chrissie Gardener.

'Marjorie has got the prize, mother,' she said at length.

'Well, I daresay Marjorie worked for it,' answered her mother.

'And did not I, mother? Not a girl in our class worked so hard as I did last session, and this is the end of it! I was so sure of the prize that I told Tom Ramsay that I would have it to show him next time he and Jean came here. Well, it does not matter; Marjorie and I are no longer friends.'

Chrissie continued grumbling all the time she ate her dinner.

'My dear child,' said her mother, 'you know in what book it is written, "He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly," and "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and

he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Your friend would be pained if she heard you say those things.'

Chrissie said no more about the subject at this time, but I am afraid she did not forget it.

Tom and Jean Ramsay were her cousins, and when the three met there were exciting times. Tom was such a boy for teasing; he never could leave her in peace, and when Chrissie told him she was working for the prize he wagered she would not get it. So Chrissie had said, somewhat rashly, that when he came next time she would have it to show him, which was an unwise proceeding, seeing the prize was yet to be won.

Both cousins arrived on the following Saturday afternoon, and Chrissie was kept busy entertaining. Tom did not say anything about the prize, and his cousin thought he had forgotten about it. But when did Tom forget anything that promised fun? He knew very well who got the prize, but he could not forbear taking it out of his cousin. So just as they were leaving he said—

'You have not shown me your prize yet, Chrissie.'

His eyes twinkled with mischief as he said this, and Chrissie thought it best to answer nothing, but turned away to get her hat. She was going to accompany her cousins part of the way home.

'I must say it is shabby to treat a fellow as you have done,' continued Tom in a teasing manner as they were going out. 'I am disappointed, for I have been waiting all day to see this treasure, and you have sent me home without the treat.'

'Don't tease,' said Jean.

Chrissie did not venture to say anything to him just at that time, but she resolved to be even with him on a future occasion.

Several weeks after the prize-giving at the school which Chrissie and Marjorie attended, the scholars were romping around the room during their dinner-hour.

Chrissie had in her hand a long pointer, which Miss Foote, their teacher, used for maps and boards. With this she was chasing her companions through the room, but at the door they turned, and, darting towards Chrissie, caught the pointer. Chrissie had hard work to keep it, but she managed to break away from them, and with the pointer stil in her hand she ran. Directly in front of her was a window. Close behind her came Marjorie Little. Marjorie caught the pointer, and Chrissie pulled it away from her, but they were too near the window. Next minute the scholars were startled by a crash of breaking glass. The pointer had gone through a pane. Two or three pieces of glass fell outside, another bit fell into the room, and the rest was left sticking in the frame with a big hole in the centre. In a moment there was silence in the room, and every girl went to her seat, frightened at what had happened.

Scarcely a minute afterwards their teacher entered the room, and her quick eye at once noticed the broken pane. Looking round the class, she asked the girl who knew anything about it to step to the floor. For a second no one moved, then Chrissie stepped forth, trembling.

'What do you know about it, Chrissie?' asked her teacher.

'Please, Miss Foote, I had the pointer in my hand and it went through.'

'Oh, then you broke it!' said Miss Foote.

'No, please, I made her do it,' said a timid voice in the far corner of the class.

Miss Foote looked up and saw Marjorie Little standing, her face very much flushed.

'You, Marjorie?' said her teacher, 'Come here and tell me about it.'

When Marjorie had told how it happened, and the rest of the class corroborated the story, Miss Foote said, 'I am very much obliged to you, Marjorie, and I daresay Chrissie is also. If anyone does wrong, it is better to own one's fault than to hide it. Your conduct pleases me greatly, Marjorie.'

Chrissie looked on wondering, and I think she felt ashamed that she had grudged her the prize. 'She deserved it, and I have been mean.' These were Chrissie's thoughts as she sat at her sums that afternoon.

When school was over she felt that she must make amends to her friend in some way, so going up to her she said, 'Forgive me, Marjorie; I am very sorry that I bore you ill-will because of the prize. You deserved it; let us be friends again.'

'Gladly!' answered Marjorie, and linking their arms the two girls went home together. And I think that two little maids were happy that night, for in their hearts was love towards each other.

'For love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.'

Golden Rules for Boys and Girls.

The person who first sent out these rules to be printed says truly if any boy or girl thinks 'it would be hard work to keep so many of them in mind all the time, just think what a happy place it would make of a home if you only could.'

1. Shut the door after you and without slamming it.
2. Never shout, jump or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons up stairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should do it.
6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlor, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.—'Union Signal.'

A Child's Prayer.

Father, whom I cannot see,
In the morning's calm
Hear me, while I sing to Thee
Happy hymn and psalm.

Teach me something every day
Of Thy love to me,
Till my heart shall overflow
With the love of Thee.

Thank Thee, Father, for Thy gifts—
Home and friends, and food—
And because I love Thee so,
Help me to be good.

Pardon me, for Jesus' sake,
When I do Thee wrong,
And to please Thee all my life,
Make me brave and strong.

In me, by me, through Thy love
May Thy will be done.
Father, whom I cannot see,
Bless Thy little one.
—'Waif.'

LESSON XII.—June 17.

The Feeding of Five Thousand

John vi., 5-14. Memory verses, 9-12. Compare Matt. xiv., 13-21; Mark vi., 30-44; Luke ix., 10-17.

Daily Readings.

M. Wilderness—Ex. xvi., 1-18.
T. Mountain—John vi., 1-15.
W. Withdrawn—John vi., 15-25.
T. The Loaves—John ix., 26-59.
F. The Words—John vi., 60-71.
S. The Wise—Prov. ix., 1-12.

Golden Text.

'Give us this day our daily bread.'—Matt. vi., 11.

Lesson Text.

(5) When Jesus then lifted up his eyes, and saw a great company come unto him, he saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat? (6) And this he said to prove him; for he himself knew what he would do. (7) Philip answered him, Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little. (8) One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him, (9) There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many? (10) And Jesus said, Make the men sit down. Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down, in number about five thousand. (11) And Jesus took the loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down; and likewise of the fishes as much as they would. (12) When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. (13) Therefore they gathered them together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten. (14) Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.

Suggestions.

When the heavy-hearted disciples of John the Baptist came to our Saviour to tell him of their grief, Jesus bade them and his own disciples, who had just returned from a preaching tour, to come with him away to a desert place where they might rest and commune together. They crossed over the Sea of Galilee and went up into a mountain near Bethsaida.

But the multitudes watched them from the shore, and when they saw where the little boat was to land they started around by the road at the head of the lake, and after some time arrived at the spot which our Lord had chosen for rest. Perhaps the disciples were inclined to look with impatience on the people, thinking that many had come merely out of curiosity, others simply because the crowd went, and they had nothing else to do, others from real need of healing for themselves or their dear ones, and perhaps a very few with real heart hunger, following Jesus for what they might learn from him of the kingdom of God. But the heart of the Saviour was filled with compassion for the people—these were the very souls that he had come to save. How should he teach them more about himself? This was the passover season, just a year before he, the Lamb of God, should be offered as the atoning sacrifice through whom the whole world might receive remission of sins. All the passover lambs had been but types of that great sacrifice which was to take place a year later on the dark hill of Calvary. As the flesh of the passover lamb was eaten, so in a mystical sense the flesh of the Lamb of God is the food of the soul. (John vi., 33-35.) This is a subject which must only be approached with the greatest reverence and humble dependence on the Holy Spirit to make real to the soul the true meaning of living by the Bread of Life. In order to explain this truth to the people, Jesus first gave them an object lesson of his perfect ability to satisfy every need of the body. When they had seen his power over material things they could better understand that he could satisfy also the hungry soul.

The multitudes who had come around by the hot, dusty road had brought with them no refreshments. Jesus at once saw their trouble. He knows our sorrows; his heart is full of sympathy. Turning to Philip, one of the apostles, and a native of Bethsaida, Jesus asked where bread could be got for all these hungry people. He knew that he would not have to buy anything, but he wanted to see if Philip would suggest that Jesus should by a miracle provide food for the hungry. Philip, with swift calculation, replied in a businesslike way that two hundred pennyworth of bread would scarcely be enough to give a little to each one. Two hundred pence of their money comes to about thirty-four dollars of our money, but as in those days a penny was a day's wage, it would be counted as quite equal to a dollar nowadays. Philip perhaps did not even think of asking Jesus for the bread that was needed. The other disciples only suggested that the people should be sent away to the villages round about, to get refreshments. But Jesus commanded that they should feed the multitudes there, as they prepared to go and buy food he asked them what they had with them. They seem to have brought no bread themselves, but they found a little boy who had, probably as his own lunch, five round, flat barley cakes and two small fishes. These they brought to our Lord with doubt and hesitancy—what could be done with such a small meal?

Our Lord commanded them to seat the men in companies on the grass, and taking the loaves in his hand, gave thanks first to God, then broke the loaves, and giving a piece to each of the disciples bade them feed the multitudes. Their faith was rising now; they dared to face the people with the small piece of bread in their hands, but as they gave it out, oh, wondrous miracle, the loaf increased until every man, woman and child had eaten sufficient to satisfy their hunger. Then as a lesson of carefulness and economy, our Saviour bade his disciples gather up the crumbs, and there were twelve baskets full of good pieces of barley loaf!

Junior C. E Topic.

FRUIT-BEARING.

Mon., June 11.—Purity—Prov. xx., 11.
Tues., June 12.—Truthfulness—Ps. li., 6.
Wed., June 13.—Honesty—Rom. xii., 17.
Thu., June 14.—Kindness—Rom. xii., 10.
Fri., June 15.—The giving spirit—Acts xx., 35.
Sat., June 16.—True wisdom—James iii., 17.
Sun., June 17.—Topic—The fruit Christ wants us to bear—John xv., 1-10.

C. E. Topic.

June 17.—Abiding in Christ. John xv., 1-10.

The Teacher.

The teacher, to be a success, must teach—must be able to impart truth. The lesson of the day will not have accomplished its purpose if the child has not grasped its meaning, been made to appreciate its value, and become earnest to incarnate it into his life. From the independent, ready-tongued, rough-mannered newsboy; the uncouth, surly, bashful hunter's child, to the refined, delicate, lovable scholar, there is a wide difference, but the teacher who knows how to teach, and who has mastered the lesson to be taught, will grapple each soul to his soul, and not leave the scholar till the truth that is so real to him becomes real, vitally, savingly, joyfully so to the child. The teacher who has succeeded in doing this is a success. Methods are of the individual. Of them, no rules can be made. It is for the teacher to be his own true self, consecrated, full of common-sense, enthusiastic, persevering and with the eye single towards Him who is the 'Author and Finisher of our faith.' Thus equipped he will be able to break the Bread of Life to the hungry hearts of his pupils. And who to-day are 'hungering and thirsting after righteousness' like the children? There is no child, who, ere he has laid his head in the lap of sleep, has not at some time lifted up his soul and cried from the depths of his heart, 'I want to be good.' It is the teacher's duty, the teacher's joyful privilege, by the power given by the Holy Ghost, to so instruct and help the child that he may make that longing desire a living reality.—'Christian Guardian.'

'Helps.'

(By the Rev. J. J. Summerbell, D.D., in C. E. 'World.')

I was superintendent once, for eleven or twelve years, of a Sunday-school which was considered the model school of a considerable district. The general public did not know that the 'assistant superintendent' was the great element of success. He was the 'helping' superintendent; not a vice-superintendent, not one to take the place of the superintendent in occasional absences, not one in line of succession to the office; but a 'help.' He never opened the school, he never taught a class, he never made a prayer in public, he never made a speech, he never performed any duty requiring the ability to use his own language before listeners; but he was a genuine 'assistant' superintendent.

He was present in the room early, he saw that the officers were at their places, and that the various duties of the hour were provided for. He never assumed authority, but would call the attention of the superintendent to any lack of activity in any department, and would supply information keeping things running smoothly in any interim, doing it all gently, quietly, and successfully; so that people who were informed of his work said that he had wonderful tact.

But that was not the point; he had the gift of the men spoken of in I. Cor. xii., 28, as 'helps'; 'God hath set some in the Church, first missionaries, secondly prophets, then gifts of healing, 'helps,' governments, divers kinds of tongues.' It is a gift of high value. My 'assistant superintendent,' did not know that he had any gift, but that made him more valuable; he never tried to do things which were beyond his capacity.

Many a preacher is made successful by his 'help.' Many a general is crowned with victory, from the aid of some member of his staff, who is hardly a 'helper,' only a 'help,' and who receives no credit for the work which he had 'helped' his nominal leader to accomplish. 'Helps' are not the most prominent ones in the church, but are an absolute necessity. The church can do without a spire, but it cannot stand without a foundation-stone. The river must receive the tribute of the helping brooks.

One might almost say that 'helps' were more needed by Christianity than apostles or prophets; for Christianity is useful in proportion to its helpfulness to humanity. For helpfulness the 'helps' are indispensable. Christianity can exist without orators, but not without the helpful work of its 'helps.' The world can exist without Alexanders or Gladstones, but not without plough-boys.

An ounce of helpfulness is worth a ton of advice.

Use of Sunday-Schools.

A good Sunday-school secures religious instruction to the children of families who otherwise would receive none at all. We speak not now of this benefit derived from the Sunday-school by the children of godless families, but, surprising though this may be, by the members of homes which are avowedly Christian homes. Yes, there are many so-called religious families who furnish no teaching of a spiritual character to their little ones. There is no conversation of a religious nature ever addressed to them, nor is there at any time an enquiry into the condition of their souls. What a blessed thing it is that there are faithful, conscientious, and devout, teachers, who fill the gap left vacant by neglectful parents and supply a need so deplorable. In the consideration that from them only the children of some families receive the religious instruction they ever get, how careful should the Sunday-school teacher be to present the truth of the Gospel to every member of his class every Sunday and to seek to apply it with all earnestness.—Rev. M. G. Hansen.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XIV.—ALCOHOL AND DISEASE.

1. Q.—Does alcohol prevent disease?

A.—Those who use intoxicating drinks are more inclined to get sick, and they are harder to cure than those who do not drink at all.

2. Q.—Why is this?

A.—Alcoholic drinks poison the blood, weaken the system, and take away the strength, so that the body cannot resist disease.

3. Q.—Is there any proof of this?

A.—Yes; when the cholera and other pestilence passed through the land they attacked and killed more men who drank intoxicating liquors than any others; very few drinkers escaped the disease or survived the attack.

4. Q.—Are alcoholic liquors good in sickness?

A.—No; they do more harm than good, and some of the best doctors seldom give them.

5. Q.—What do eminent doctors say?

A.—Every disease is better cured without the use of alcohol than with it.

6. Q.—Does alcohol produce disease?

A.—It causes more disease than any other one thing in the world.

7. Q.—Why is this?

A.—Every organ of the body is more or less damaged by alcohol; therefore, if a man who drinks has a weakness in any vital organ, alcohol increases it, and makes it worse in every way.

8. Q.—Why is it hard to cure a drunkard of any disease?

A.—First, because his disease has been aggravated by alcohol; and second, when the body is poisoned with alcohol, true remedies have little effect.

9. Q—What class of diseases are especially produced by alcohol?

A.—Congestion of the brain, epilepsy, palsy, neuralgia, and many nervous diseases.

10. Q.—What does Dr. Hitchcock, president of the Michigan State Board of Health, state in regard to idiocy?

A.—He shows by careful investigation that a large number of idiots in this country, are made so by the use of alcohol.

11. Q.—Sum up the facts about alcoholic drink.

A.—It never digests food nor helps digest it, and never assists the body to permanently resist the cold. It brings no increase of strength, it poisons the blood, weakens the muscles, injures the nerves and brain, never acts as food, but is always and everywhere a poison.

Joe Wilson.

Joe Wilson was as clever a stonemason as one would wish to meet with in a day's march.

Often as I passed his yard on my way to school when a boy I stood and watched him chip, chip, chipping away at great blocks of stone, or engaged in spelling out the name and years of some departed one on marble or granite monument. It was simply wonderful to see him with tiny chisel cut out the letters and figures, and more wonderful still when he came to work out some beautiful design of flowers or ornament on the hard stone.

From morning to night, with brief intervals, he would work away humming the snatches of a song. Now, one can readily understand that Joe was fully entitled to intervals of rest for breakfast, dinner and tea, and sometimes to pass a cheery word with a passer-by. But these were not the only intervals Joe had. Near to his yard were several public-houses, and he would often during the day lay down his tools and, for a minute or two, find his way to the nearest of these places—'just for a drink,' as he said. Then he would come back to his mallet and chisel, and persuade himself he was all the better for his visit to the Vaults.

After a time Joe's visits became much more frequent, and much longer in their duration; and not unfrequently would he return to his yard feeling quite unfit to go on with the delicate work he had in hand. Joe made a bad bargain when he began to exchange 'chipping' for 'sipping'; for ere long he spent a great deal more time at the Vaults than in his yard. Work fell off, and Joe's appearance was anything but what it used to be. In fact, if it had not been for a wonderful deliverance that was awaiting Joe, he might long ago have filled a drunkard's grave and inherited a drunkard's future.

Joe's folly had been the subject of much conversation, of course, and especially between two of his neighbors, one of whom was a well-to-do tradesman and a member of the Society of Friends. A real 'friend' he proved to Joe, for many a time he tried to influence him to give up his foolish conduct and forsake the haunts of evil. At times Joe was penitent enough, but would soon fall again into his bad habit. However, the two friends did not give him up, and when matters became desperate they decided on a desperate remedy.

They went to the public houses to which Joe often went, and gave the landlords to understand that, if they served Joe with drink in future, they would take matters into their own hands, and proceed at once to prosecute them—the publicans—for selling drink to an inebriate, such as Joe had now become.

Imagine Joe's surprise the next time he went into the Vaults, when he was told he could be served with no drink there. 'Very sorry, Joe, but can't let you have anything this morning,' said the publican.

'But here's the threepence,' said Joe. 'I don't want it on strap.'

'Very sorry, but can't do it,' replied the publican.

'Well, I never!' said Joe. 'If I can't get it here I can somewhere else.' He went next to the Hotel, only to meet with the same treatment.

'I think the folks are cracked this morning,' said Joe, as he went on to another house, the London Stores. Here again his friends had been before him, and he was again denied.

'Here's a rum go; can't get a drink for money,' said Joe. 'Somebody's been doing this. Well, I'll go without for once and save my money.'

But it did not end here. Joe began to think what a fool he had been; and when a man begins to think seriously, something is sure to come of it.

Nor did Joe's friends rest satisfied with what they had already done. They came upon him just as he returned from his round of fruitless visits, and invited him to go with them to the coffee-house. Whilst feeling some comfort from the hot coffee, and no small resentment against the publicans for their treatment of him, Joe's friends persuaded him to sign the pledge.

Many a time was he tempted to leave his work for the usual 'drink'; and often at such times would one or other of his friends drop in and invite him to the coffee-house.

Joe's countenance and dress soon began to resume their former respectable appearance, and he began again on Sundays to find his way to the church he had so long neglected. Nor did his reformation end here. He not only gave up the drink, but he became a sincere Christian and a good church worker.

Not long ago he had to do the stonework of a new church, and when the foundation stone was laid, Joe was not a little proud to be able to put a good round slim thereon, by way of thanksgiving for his changed life, brought about by the grace of God, and by the thoughtfulness and perseverance of his two friends.

When I passed his yard a short time ago, I was delighted to see it full of work, and with a neat, prosperous appearance I had never before observed.—G. Lamb, in 'Light in the Home.'

In Missouri a young man who was going to be hanged said, 'Whenever you take a glass of whiskey look at the bottom and you will see there the shadow of a rope.' —'Union Signal.'

Correspondence

Newcastle.

Dear Editor,—I have a little kitten. It is black, with two white spots. I call it Darkey. He and I play marbles. We have good fun. We have a nice school-house. I go to school every day. I am in the Part II. reader. We have five teachers, two upstairs and three down. There are about one hundred and fifty scholars. We have a nice play-room in the basement. I wrote this myself. W. E. L., aged 7.

St. Catharines.

Dear Editor,—I live in St. Catharines, which is a very pretty city. It is a favorite summer resort. People living at other places come here and spend their holidays. My cousin is writing a letter too. I go to St. Paul Street Methodist Sunday-school and church. I attend it every Sunday. I have five brothers and one sister. One is not living here, he is in Woodstock. I am in the high third book at school, and like my teacher. M. E., aged 12.

Burin, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day. I am in the fourth reader. I like my teacher very much; her name is Miss M. Vigus. We have a long way to go; but it is a pleasant walk. I have one little sister, her name is Bessie; also a baby brother, his name is Jimmie. He is very cute. I belong to the Band of Hope. I am learning a recitation for a public meeting. I go to Sunday-school. I have two sheep, two cats, and a duck. I have two grandmas and five aunts, eight uncles and twenty-four cousins.

L. M., aged 10.

Perth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Northern Messenger,' I have a nice pair of ducks for pets. They know me and will let me pat them. I have two little brothers. George is five years old and Colin is just two weeks old. He is a dear little fellow. We have a pair of birds. We call them Dicky and Flossie. They sing to Colin while he sleeps. In summer we have a nice garden, with flowers and a nice summer house, covered with vines.

M. F., aged 7.

Spencerville.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading and I have read a number of books. A great many who have written to the 'Messenger' have read 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and although I have started it many times, I have never read it through. I have read four of Sheldon's books:—'In His Steps,' 'The Miracle at Markham,' 'The Redemption of Freetown,' and 'John King's Question Class,' and I like them all very well. We live about two miles from school, but we go nearly every day, except when it is raining or snowing; we go sometimes even if it is raining or snowing. My school teacher's name is Mr. Mars. I remain your reader,

A. B. M.

Hemmingford.

Dear Editor,—I am six years old. I go to school. I am in the third reader. I have three brothers and no sisters. I would like to hear from Vera, who lives in the white house on the rock. My mamma used to live in a drab house beside the white house. We have a white cat and she has a blue and grey eye. We call her Snowball.

J. B. G., aged 6.

Greenfield, Col. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My grandpa takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the letters from the boys and girls. I live with my grandpa and grandma on a farm and I have a pet cat named Peter, he is a nice cat. I have four sisters. My oldest sister is almost 12, she is staying with my aunt just now. I am lame, and I cannot go to school in winter. I am taking music lessons now, and I love to play on the organ. D., aged 10.

HOUSEHOLD.

For Amateur Nurses.

(Amy S. Woods, in 'Illustrated Temperance Monthly.')

Need I begin by saying, 'Be cheerful?' A cheerful face is a capital tonic; so cultivate cheerfulness, even when you do not feel it.

Let your dress be cheerful, too; not black, unless you have a white apron and collar and cuffs to relieve it. Nothing is nicer for a sick room than a plainly-made grey-alpaca a pink or blue cotton, not so stiffly starched as to crackle. No rustling petticoats, jingling bangles, squeaky shoes, or hanging sleeve-frills are permissible. Do not neglect yourself or your daily rest, bath, and exercise, especially in the case of a long illness; it is no kindness to one patient to turn yourself into another. Be quiet but decided in your movements; exaggerated quietness as manifested in walking on tiptoe and speaking in agitated whispers is almost as trying to irritable nerves as the noisy nurse, who is a disgrace to her womanhood.

Never discuss the condition of your patient before him, and do not keep worrying him with tender inquiries as to his feelings If an invalid can feed himself avoid watching him during meals; to some natures constant supervision amounts to actual torture.

Be very methodical and punctual. Give medicine, and food, and have poultices, etc., ready at the very moment at which they are due. Ask the doctor whether he wishes the patient to be awakened during the night for medicine, or food, or change of applications; in some cases sleep is everything.

If you have to take the temperature or count the pulse of your invalid, do so at stated times. Be very accurate in all your observations, and write down the result of them. Do not trust to your memory, however good.

Cultivate intelligent observation, noting every change, however unimportant it may appear to you. The expression of the face in sleep, restlessness, twitching of the muscles, flushing or paleness, are important symptoms in some cases.

Keep very strictly to the prescribed diet. Never make any changes in it on your own responsibility. Invalids frequently express a desire for unlawful dainties, and you must be prepared to resist them. The trained nurse who allowed a typhoid patient to eat a lump of beefsteak certainly deserved her dismissal from the institution to which she belonged.

At the same time, try to vary the diet as much as possible. It is wonderful how many different flavorings can be given to beef tea. If raw beef tea or meat juice is ordered, give it in a glass which will hide the color of it.

Serve every meal as daintily as possible, and avoid giving too much at once. Let your tray-cloth be spotless, silver and glass shining, and no dripping from cup or spoon. A table-napkin will be appreciated, and tucked under the tray will preclude the discomfort of crumbs in the bed.

When poultices or hot fomentations are ordered let them be really hot, not tepid. Test them with your elbow if you are afraid of scalding your patient. In making poultices heat both basin and spoon with boiling water, then with fresh water mix your poultice rapidly, spread it evenly, and carry it covered to the bedside. Flannels for hot fomentations should have the boiling water poured over them, wring them in a towel, and carry them in it to the patient.

In removing the plaster from a blister do it very gently, so as not to break the skin. When poisons are used keep the bottles quite apart from all medicines.

When using hot-water bottles be careful not to burn the invalid; in cases of unconsciousness or paralysis always place a fold of flannel between the bottle and the skin. If ice-bags are needed, replenish them when necessary; a bag of lukewarm water is not calculated to benefit your patient. In the same way, if you are using cold applications, keep the rags or cloths wet and cool. Sometimes a continuous supply of lotion is needed. This can be managed by suspending a jar near the patient, from which a skein of wool or cotton will carry the lotion in drops to the cloth. Protect the undersheet with a piece of mackintosh.

I have spoken of the need for absolute cleanliness in the sick-room, but it is quite as imperative in the case of the patient.

A trained nurse will sponge a helpless patient all over every day, unless she has orders to the contrary. The amateur nurse does not, because she thinks the patient would not like it, which is a very selfish way of looking at it. We can all understand that the impurities thrown off from the skin are greater in sickness than in health, and, therefore, must be removed. The sponging can be done a little at a time, drying carefully and thoroughly, and taking care the invalid does not catch cold. A clean nightdress may then be put on—(every invalid should have one for night and one for day wear)—the hair brushed, and all made spick-and-span for the doctor's visit. Try to do all this quickly and handily, so as not to tire your patient.

Family Discipline in the Old Parsonage.

(By Sarah F. Abbott.)

'How did your mother, such a frail, delicate-looking little woman, ever bring up a family of eleven children and live to be over eighty years old?' asked a tired mother one day. 'What was the secret of her discipline?'

'If discipline means punishment, I am afraid we had very little discipline,' I replied. There were almost no punishments as such in that big household. My father used to say 'Never threaten a child.' The only time that he ever whipped one of us was in the fulfilment of a threat, and he always regretted that, as circumstances so modified the affair that it would not have been necessary but for the threat. Mother never whipped one of us. Her hardest punishments that I remember were separating us from each other for a given time; sending one to the garret and another to her own room, even with her book or work, was usually severe enough.

But there was a safeguard in the surroundings of ministers' families in those olden times that does not enter into the daily life of ministers' children now. A farm of thirty acres was connected with the parsonage—a large house—and above all there was a great garret. An attic of a modern house could claim no relationship to the immense garrets of early days. There were four large windows, and it was warmed sufficiently, even in winter, by its huge chimney. That garret was in itself an education. It was a gymnasium, a work-shop, a manufactory, a royal playground. Would that every parsonage had its like to-day! The brothers had their tools in one corner, and each made a trunk for himself, almost unaided. In these boxes, neatly covered with leather and lettered with brass nails, they proudly carried their worldly provisions of clothing and books when they went to school.

Almost everything on the farm belonged to some one of us and when it was sold sometime the owner had the money to lay aside toward an education. Every member of the family had an interest in James's lambs, David and Sally, and their numerous progeny. John's steers were the delight of us all, and especially when they were yoked to a small sled of the boys' manufacture, and drew us girls to 'the store' for the family supplies. Sometimes a neighbor gave one of us a pet lamb or a motherless calf to bring up.

We were never at a loss for wholesome, hilarious recreation. If stormy days came and the boys grew too boisterous, a sweet, quiet voice would be heard at the stairs, 'Papa, is there anything you would like to have these boys do?' Then father would come down from the study and take in the situation at a glance. He was always very tactful.

'James, if it should be a good day to-morrow we shall want to have some corn taken to the mill, and perhaps you can wait and bring it back. Can you and John and Percy get enough shelled to-day for a good grist? You may each lay out a pile by your shellers, and I will come up by and by and see how you get along.'

'Can I go to mill with James? Can I go, too?' And soon the hand shellers in the garret were making happy music instead of noisy rainy-day commotion.

For the six girls, besides the allotted household work, there was always the patchwork for our own quilts and the knitting stint and the walks and the drives and the reading aloud that filled our vacation times full. If Satan only found mischief for idle hands to do, he must have looked elsewhere for his helpers.

If things went wrong and clouds arose, 'Sing, girls, sing!' mother would say, and her own sweet voice would begin some favorite song till all would join spontaneously.

If the little ones disagreed, and one struck another, mother had a novel expedient which did not need frequent repetition. There was a large, red chest in a lower bedroom intended to hold the family bedding. It had become so convenient a receptacle for a variety of articles that father used to call it the 'Omnium gatherum et mix-up-em.' Mother would take the offender there and say, 'You could not know how it hurt,' and the hand would be made to strike the hard surface. 'It does not hurt the chest,' she would say, 'and you can always strike here when you want to strike.'

The only other bugbear that I ever knew in the house was a long closet under the stairs where side saddles were kept. I have heard some of the older members of the family speak of short imprisonments there, but it was never my misfortune to try it. One Sabbath a strange minister exchanged with father. Little Percy happened to have strayed into the room where Mr. W—— was looking over his sermon. Evidently little Percy tried to entertain him with some baby gambols not in keeping with the minister's mood. He took him upon his knee and after very solemn admonitions asked him if he knew what became of naughty children who played on God's holy Sabbath Day. 'eth, thir, if they are vely vely naughty they are shut up in the saddle closet.' Our parents never believed in dark closets or in putting children to bed without their supper.

The farm in itself was not a paying investment. I have heard my father say that it was a bill of expense till his own sons were old enough to act in turn as foreman. But as an educator for his boys and a never-failing employment that was varied and interesting, it paid well, and we certainly are the richer for sweet and wholesome memories of busy childhood days.—'Living Epistle.

Chicken Loaf.—Boil a chicken in a very little water until the meat can readily be picked from the bone; mince it finely, return to the kettle in which it was cooked, season with salt and pepper, add two tablespoons of butter and mix well. Butter a square mold, cover the bottom with slices of hard boiled eggs, add the chicken and cover over with a weight.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'